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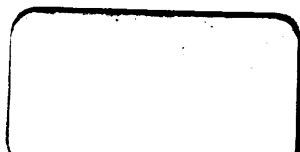
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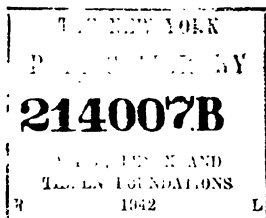
The Unfurling of the Service Flag, June 9, 1918

Enlarge the above picture forty thousand times — one and two-thirds miles high and two and one-fifth miles long — and then you may get a suggestion of the patriotic service which the American parishes have rendered our Country and our Allies in the world war for freedom.

A MEMORIAL
OF
THREE TRUE LIVES

RALPH M. HARPER

The Fort Hill Press
SAMUEL USHER
BOSTON
1919
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TO MY FRIEND
WALTER P. SIMONDS
SUPERINTENDENT OF THE CHURCH SCHOOL
OF
CHANDLER AND MARK AND LINCOLN

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
The Day of Commemoration	7
The Completeness of an Incomplete Career — Chandler H. Colby	11
An Officer True to British Form — Marcus E. Rowe . .	21
The Heart of a Winthrop Home in France — G. Lin- coln Richardson	29
The American Treasure in the Heavens	43

THE DAY OF COMMEMORATION

I WOULD make mention of Chandler and Mark and Lincoln, not to mourn, but to commemorate.

The Church has made a wise distinction between the Day of Mourning and the Day of Commemoration. Though there is no law to the contrary, it is almost an invariable custom on the Day of Mourning that no personal words be said. Such words cannot bring back the dead to life. And being necessarily spoken on the spur of the moment, they are certainly superficial, or else a mechanical repetition of some past funeral's generalities of flattery and praise. In deference to the justly sensitive feeling of the bereaved that personal words are vain until the soul of the departed has had time at least to rest in peace in Paradise, the Church has established a custom, which is now almost a law, that nothing but the stately Burial Service shall be read on the Day of Mourning.

Later comes the Day of Commemoration. Then there has been time for reflection on and assimilation of all the facts. Then an individual life can be seen from the point of view of the whole. Then, if we have even an ordinary insight into the teaching of the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, we shall wish to remember the lives that are gone. After mentioning the long list of worthy men of the past, this chapter in Hebrews ends with these words: "And these all, having had witness borne to them through their faith, received not the promise, God having provided some better thing concerning us, *that apart from us they should not be made perfect.*"

Startling as is the meaning, it is eternally true: *that apart from us these men are not made perfect.* The connection between the living and the dead is most real and vital. The dead, so far as we ourselves are concerned, are immortal only as we

think, feel and live their immortality. They go onward and upward in their heavenly progress only as we remember them, and patiently and persistently take up their unfinished work on this earth below. I protest most earnestly against the supposedly friendly advice which is suavely handed out, "Forget. Turn your thoughts to new channels of interest. Let the dead bury their dead." Let me say about our loved ones who are dead, as the Psalmist said about Jerusalem, "If I forget thee, O my precious loved ones in Paradise, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, yea, if I prefer not my loved ones in my mirth." We have not forgotten our dead. We shall reverently remember our saviours, and shall say quietly but from the inmost earnestness of our hearts that these men have not died in vain; for by God's grace and by God's help we shall carry on the work which they began. The very incompleteness of their young American manhood is the most intense challenge for us to live American lives that are complete; *for apart from us, these American men are not made perfect.*

I would not for a moment assume that these men are necessarily better than other men who have made the costly sacrifice. They, as well as I, would avoid such an unfounded claim. I would present intimate pictures of these men in the hope that the very commonplaceness of my presentation may inspire some other American homes which have lost loved ones to gather together the spiritual fragments of their boys' lives in the form of letters, personal remarks and remembrances, and at least place them all in a securely bound loose-leaf book. Then, when future generations ask who were those that gave birth to the New World Freedom in such tragic travail, the bereaved can speak with the authority of concrete facts. And the future generations will be richer and more real in their reverence and personal gratitude.

For the sake of brevity and some sort of unity of plan, I shall select from the large number of letters available those

written from and near Winthrop relating to The Completeness of an Incomplete Career — Chandler H. Colby; those written from England relating to An Officer True to British Form — Marcus E. Rowe; and those written from home and abroad relative to The Heart of a Winthrop Home in France — G. Lincoln Richardson.

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CHANDLER H. COLBY

THE COMPLETENESS OF AN INCOMPLETE CAREER

CHANDLER H. COLBY

CHANDLER H. COLBY was born in the city of Chelsea, Massachusetts, June 6, 1895. His parents moved to Winthrop when he was two years old, living for two years each on Myrtle and Pleasant streets, and for the past eighteen years at 77 Bartlett Road. Chandler was about four years old when he met a quiet, unobtrusive boy who, once a friend, is a true friend for all time and eternity, Edward G. Pero. It was through this beautiful friendship between Chandler and Edward, which was deepened with their ripening years, that I came to know Chandler quite intimately.

Chandler, like all democratic boys of his town, attended the Winthrop public schools, graduating from the grammar school in 1909, and from the high school in 1913. After graduating from the high school he took some evening courses at the Huntington School, Boston (Y. M. C. A.), specializing in commercial law and accounting.

From his Winthrop school life he went into the employ of Sands, Taylor & Wood Co., Boston, of King Arthur Flour fame. In order to learn the milling end of the business, Chandler was sent to a western mill. As soon as our country entered the world war, Chandler three separate times tried to enter different branches of the service. But on account of his defective vision he was thrice refused. When he was finally accepted at Camp Devens, he felt a keen sense of chagrin that red tape had kept him out of the service so long. He died of double pneumonia at Camp Devens, September 27, 1918, after three months of exemplary service.

Relative to Chandler's school life, I have received the following letter:

Office of the Superintendent,
Winthrop Public Schools.

My dear Mr. Harper:

In answer to your note asking me if among the thousands that have attended the Winthrop public schools, I remember Chandler H. Colby, let me say most earnestly, Well I guess I do. There was something about Chandler's personality that I can never forget.

Chandler graduated from the grammar school in the year of 1909, and from the high school in the year 1913. He took the classical course in the high school.

During his school life he was always cheerful, studious, gentlemanly in every way. He heartily entered into all the activities of the school life, socially and otherwise, and after graduating kept in close touch with the alumni association.

The Winthrop public schools are richer for the memory of this alumnus who fought the good fight, kept the faith, and finally for us and for our country gloriously finished his course.

Faithfully yours,

FRANK A. DOUGLAS.

Chandler was confirmed in the year 1911, in the largest class, I think, that has ever been presented for confirmation in St. John's Church. Among the forty-nine in his confirmation class who are well known in Winthrop, appear the names of the following: Robert Fowler, Harriet Elizabeth Whipple, Mary Belle DeWolf, May Dorothy Gibby, Marjorie Elizabeth Ingalls, Bertha Frances Colby, Ethel May Nilson, Florence Hagman, Zetelle May Sanby, Ruth Edith Kalish, Gertrude E. Gaddis, Hannah Partridge, Grace Hutchinson, Annie Louise Bond, Eva H. Mayo, Grace Crooks, Russell Bacon, Howard Willard Knight, Edward Gardiner Pero, Russell Albert Cone and Albert Partridge.

Mr. Sidney E. Blandford, senior warden of St. John's Church, and president of the Retail Credit Men's National Association, has written the following recollections of Chandler's boyhood days and church life:

"Although the battle for human freedom has been raging for more than four years, some three thousand miles away, and though during the past few months many of our brave boys wearing the uniform of Uncle Sam have answered the Last Call, the stern realities and the tragedies of war have perhaps not fully come home to us nor pierced our hearts, until a member of the family circle, some friend or associate, or some brave and promising boy from our immediate community has responded to the Final Summons. I have especially in mind at this moment my young friend, Chandler Colby, whom it has been my privilege to know and observe from childhood. I have seen him almost daily during his years at school, have admired his warm companionship with his mates and associates; have felt the touch of that boyish pride which came to him as he undertook his first duties in the business world. I saw the keen disappointment that was in his heart when, as a volunteer for service to his country, he was refused in three branches of that service because of a slight defect of vision. Later, when included in the selective group, although keenly disappointed because of his previous non-acceptance, he was none the less proud of the opportunity which then came to him to take his place in the ranks. I am especially proud of the memory of Chandler Colby because he typified the product of the American Christian home, and of our Church, of which he was a communicant. He had learned to take advantage of the things that are worth while in life; he loved the out-of-doors; his companionships were warm and of the truest kind; he was fond of clean sport and recreation, and in his brief business career his qualities were soon recognized and a splendid future was already assured.

"His loyalty and willingness to serve the Church had been constant since boyhood, and his helpfulness on more than one occasion at a personal sacrifice will remain as a personal memory to me. I shall remember him because of his embodiment of the character which underlies the whole teaching of our Church, and because of his high moral standard, which had been further enriched by his association with the deeper things of religion.

His courage in fighting the dreadful disease by which he was attacked, gave evidence of that manly courage which surely would have sustained him had he been permitted to occupy the first-line trenches. And he made the supreme sacrifice for his country just as bravely and calmly as if he had fallen on the battlefield of Flanders. His life and sacrifice are now but a mingling of happy and sad memories, but his soul has become immortal with his God who gave it."

Let me give you a personal incident revealing Chandler's one hundred per cent plus church loyalty and rugged integrity.

Like all loyal communicants, Chandler contributed to the support of St. John's Church through the weekly envelope. Through my own fault, or it may have been Chandler's, our church treasurer was not notified when he left Winthrop to begin his business career in the West. And so at the end of several months our treasurer sent him a statement. Chandler owed nothing; for it is distinctly understood that when one moves away from this parish, his pledge is no longer binding. But Chandler did not accept this tacit assumption. He wrote me a splendid personal letter, sent a check for the bill, and expressed his warm appreciation of the work of St. John's Church.

When Chandler's opportunity came to make good in the business world, Chandler made good. It would do no harm — and might do good — if some of our modern hothouse young men, who, as they enter the business world demand at the beginning the most important positions, would read and read again this sympathetic but discriminating analysis of Chandler by his keenly discerning employer.

SANDS, TAYLOR & WOOD CO.

KING ARTHUR FLOUR

BOSTON

You ask us to tell you something about Chandler Colby as we knew him in a business way.

He came to work for us as a boy, taking the lowest position in the office, and applied himself honestly and cheerfully to the job in hand. He was eager to learn, and interested in his work. The foreman in the warehouse used to say that there never was a boy just like him. If goods were delayed in shipment or anything happened to interfere with the proper course of orders, Chandler was quick to get after the warehouse to have matters straightened out. He did not have to stay very long in his minor position as circumstances developed that made an opening for him to become a salesman.

After some months of selling experience, he came to the writer one day and asked if there were any way he could get into the mill so as to learn about the manufacture of flour and its different grades. Again fortune seemed in Chandler's favor, for within a short time an opening developed in a western mill which seemed to promise just the experience he desired. And so because he wished to fit himself in every way for the business which he had gone into, he went out West to learn about the milling of flour.

We all felt that he was doing a wise thing but hated to have him go. He was a mighty likable fellow, and we cannot realize that we shall not see him again. He died in the service of his country, and it was a fine life, splendidly given.

Very respectfully yours,

SANDS, TAYLOR & WOOD COMPANY,

Per F. E. SANDS.

The business opening to which Mr. Sands referred for Chandler to learn about the manufacture of flour and its different grades was made through the well-known corporation of Dawson-Davis Co., Inc. A member of this corporation, Mr. Elmer E. Dawson, ex-chairman of the Winthrop Board of Selectmen and chairman of the Winthrop War Work Committee,

wrote me a letter which makes clear this opening. In addition to his business statement, what a beautiful and most searching analysis of Chandler's character does Mr. Dawson make!

DAWSON-DAVIS CO., INC.

December 20, 1918.

Dear Mr. Harper:

I desire to express to you my appreciation of the many admirable and lovable qualities of Chandler Colby. I have known him since he was a little chap, and always felt interested in his career. He became identified with the line of business in which I am engaged almost immediately after leaving school, and I had an opportunity to observe his progress after that time, and found that he was steadily advancing in the esteem and confidence of his employers.

About a year ago it became possible for the mill in which I am actively interested to offer what seemed to be a position in a wider field of experience in the same line of business, and I was very pleased that it became possible for Chandler to accept. This brought me in closer contact with him, and only resulted in confirming my previous very favorable opinion.

He remained with us until it became necessary to sever his connection owing to military necessities, and through all that time I never found Chandler lacking in the requirements of any of the qualities that go to make up a successful business career.

These qualities, as expressed in Chandler, were strict honesty, fidelity to the interests of the people with whom he was associated, unfailing courtesy and cheerfulness, in fact, an all-round lovable character.

Yours truly,

ELMER E. DAWSON.

Chandler had a joyous, generous youth. Pass by the Colby home on Bartlett Road and you will note a well-built house, a beautiful green lawn, and rare trees and shrubs that produce a sense of harmony and rest and repose. Perhaps this is all that you will see. But I see something more. I see

the playhouse! It was the playhouse in the days that are gone. Many a child's heart was gladdened in the joys experienced there. How the old billiard table used to work overtime as the boys awaited their turns for the cues! The parents mingled with their children and their children's friends. Chandler had a healthy, happy youth.

The transition from youth to manhood, and from play to work in the spiritual world, has a close resemblance to the time when the generously indulgent days of summer happiness suddenly meet the chill reality of the approaching fall. In the world of nature this time is called the "equinoctial storm." The equinoctial storm in a young man's life comes when he passes from the indulgence and restraint of boyhood to the discipline and freedom of manhood. Instead of being fed from a silver spoon, the young man suddenly discovers that he must work out his own salvation. Some men tragically forget, leave off the fear and trembling, and take their fling. Other men spend long, wearisome years as slaves to their work, and become so blinded by their self-importance that it is almost impossible for them to get it into their systems that they are

" Like infants crying in the night,
Like infants crying for the light
And with no language but a cry."

Few are the young men who, in passing from the silver-spoon or apron-string age, make the discovery early in life that, as they work out their own salvation with fear and trembling, it is God, through the heredity and environment of their home, that is really working in them, both to will and to work according to His own good pleasure.

The equinoctial storm comes in every man's life—and many times this season comes to some lives. Far too often is it a fact that the more cultured the home the more cruel is the shock of indulgent parents as the devastating storms of the spirit shake and terribly rock their sons' lives to the foundation.

If the foundation — the heredity and environment of home — is on the shifting sand of selfishness, indulgence, irresolution or laziness, when the storm comes the young man's house of character falls, and great is the fall of it. But if there has been an honest attempt to create some real resemblance between what a family says and what it does, between the home's creed and its conduct, the young man fearlessly faces the descending rain and the coming floods and the blowing, beating winds; for he realizes with the most reverent gratitude that his foundation is on a solid rock.

It is unusual when we can plainly see the intellectual processes through which a young man goes as he passes his spiritual equinox. Happily we have the clearest insight into Chandler's mind during this transition. After entering the business world in the humblest position Chandler realized that by his own hard work he was making a success. So on one day, after being paid off for his week's work, Chandler came home and with the innocent frankness of a young man, said to his father:

"Dad, I've made good! I don't know that I've got you to thank so much for this."

The father quietly replied: "Well Chandler, let's cipher this out. You have always had a good home?"

"Yes."

"You have been well fed, well dressed?"

"Yes."

"Your blood is clean?"

"Yes, Dad; clean as a smelt!"

"You graduated from the grammar school and the high? You didn't care to go to college? You wanted to work, and I got you a job? Now, why shouldn't you make good?"

Instantly Chandler saw the whole truth, and exclaimed,

"Well, Dad, you've made out a good case!"

Chandler victoriously passed through the equinoctial storm of life, pure, strong, resourceful, and eagerly ambitious for real work. His eagerness to take advantage of the passing moments

was undoubtedly influenced by his memorizing in boyhood and constantly repeating ever afterward that inspiring ode of the late Senator Ingalls, *Opportunity*:

“ OPPORTUNITY

“ Master of human destinies am I;
Fame, love, and fortune on my footsteps wait.
Cities and field I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by
Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late,
I knock unbidden *once* at every gate.
If sleeping, wake; if feasting, rise before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate!
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death. But those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury and woe,
Seek me in vain, and uselessly implore;
I answer not, and I return no more.”

Opportunity knocked at Chandler's door, and instantly the heart of his home was opened. He was not sleeping at his post of duty, nor indulgently and frivolously throwing away his time as Opportunity passed by. He suffered no vain humiliation by uselessly imploring Opportunity to return once more. Chandler was ready.

Why does not this perfect readiness make his life complete? Would a few more years have made any fundamental change? Suppose he had completed the Scriptural allotment of three-score and ten years, he would simply have lived a larger and fuller life. But would he necessarily have lived a more complete life? Would his life have been more complete had he continued his existence on this earth all of the century or all the centuries of eternity?

A reverent readiness to answer to the call of Opportunity is the one thing needful to make a man's life complete.

Chandler was ready.

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MARCUS E. ROWE

AN OFFICER TRUE TO BRITISH FORM

FLIGHT LIEUT. MARCUS E. ROWE

British Imperial Royal Air Force

FLIGHT LIEUT. MARCUS E. ROWE was born in Springhill, Nova Scotia, August 20, 1893. His parents moved to Boston when he was four years old. After attending the Winthrop public schools, Mark in 1910 went into the employment of what was then the Bay State Trust Company, which is now a branch of the Old Colony Trust Company, Boston. In June, 1917, he enlisted in the United States Naval Aviation Service, and in September was transferred to the British Imperial Flying Corps. He then went to Toronto to attend the University of Toronto, and soon graduated in aviation with honors. Quickly was he then shifted to Texas to complete his training in the balmy atmosphere of the sunny South. From Texas he returned to Toronto, received his commission as Second Lieutenant, and came to Winthrop on a short eight days' furlough. The King's business was at that time calling for the most urgent haste, and so Mark at once left home forever and sailed from Halifax for England. Shortly after arriving in England he received his commission as First Lieutenant or Flight Lieutenant in the British Imperial Air Force. As Mark was anxious to go to France, he soon journeyed from his camp at Yatesbury, England, to headquarters in London, asking to be placed in an advanced camp. It was while flying at Yatesbury that he met his death through an accident.

Mark was confirmed in St. John's Church, Winthrop, in the year of 1909. Among those well known in Winthrop in his confirmation class appear the names of Dorothy Ingalls, Esther Eugenia Graham, Bertha Ellsworth Nelson, Ruth Alton

Kelly, Lillian Sarah Wilkins, Maud P. McClintock, Cora Florence McClean, Clarence Charles Edwards, Arthur B. McClean, Emmons K. Berry, William Emory Foster, and Harry Wallace Aiken.

I did not personally know Mark very well. I do not think that he came to church very regularly since I have been the rector of St. John's. Like many young men, and some old ones too, he thought he was too busy. Perhaps as a choirboy he became too familiar with the mere music and mechanical part of the ritual. He intimates something to this effect in a letter which he wrote me from England. It is not always the fault, though, of the individual man that he does not come regularly to church. The fault may be with the minister, for preaching loud sermons and having little to say, or for putting too much sugar in the church coffee, so that the sweetened piety becomes nauseating to red-blooded men. The fault may be with the choirmaster for rendering music which has no necessary relation to religion. Or because a congregation is not noted for its hearty fellowship and righteous living, the fault may be with the congregation!

I missed seeing Mark when he called on me at the Rectory just before he left for England. And so, until I see him face to face, I shall never know what he might have said. I know this much now, from the letter he wrote me after reaching his camp in England, that there was a deep spiritual reality in his soul.

May 9, 1918.

Dear Mr. Harper:

I received your letter this morning, it having gone to Texas, Canada, and here. But no matter how old it may be, it surely is welcomed any time.

The questions you asked are hard to answer, but for my part the Church will need no added influence to get the young men back; for a man away from home with a small Bible is the

same as being with God. And our men feel like going to church when they get the chance. And I am sure that every one of us knows now what the Church means to us.

A young fellow before the war was a pretty busy man, figuring out the proper way to earn a living; and when Sunday came, it being the only day he had off, he did not feel the power of God enough to bother himself about church. It is a good deal different here now, for every one likes to read a Bible when he is in camp. No matter what he may think, he can always get interested in the Bible.

Recently another fellow and myself went to church in a little town about a mile away from here. We were interested more than we would expect to be at home, on account of the simple but beautiful music in which all the people took a part. It was a quaint old church, built in the seventeenth century and nearly covered with English ivy. It was located in the center of a small cemetery. (It is in this cemetery at Yatesbury that Mark was buried.) The choir consisted of eight little girls, about twelve years old, and a few men. They sang everything, including the Psalms, which they seemed to know by heart. They made one think of an English lark, they sang so softly and sweetly. The church was the same pattern as the Chapel of St. John in the Tower of London. We enjoyed ourselves, and as soon as we get the chance, we are surely going again.

You can use this letter to your best advantage, as it is just what I think all the fellows have in mind at present. Let us hope that it will always be.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) MARCUS E. ROWE.

Choirmasters, in spite of their necessary sternness in maintaining discipline, have a peculiar reverence and loyalty toward their choirboys. They are often ashamed of their personal sternness. And yet what choirmaster has ever been too stern? What choirmaster has ever been stern enough! Perhaps no other teacher as much as a choirmaster so generously gives his time, money and influence in trying to help his boys advance in the world and become successful men. The former choirmaster of St. John's, Mr. F. J. Anshelm, is no exception to this

general rule. In speaking of his two former choirboys, Mark and Lincoln, Mr. Anshelm said:

"Mark Rowe, whose loss I felt — impossible for me to say how much — was something unusual in the way of choirboys. He was in my choir all the years he sang, quiet and unassuming, helpful to me in a great many ways, his splendid character and steadiness curbing the exuberant spirits of some of the other boys many times. In fact, his was somewhat of a mature mind in a young lad's head. In later years, it was my pleasure to be able to recommend Mark for an important business position, and from his occasional visits to my office I learned of his rapid advancement at his work.

"The deep affection that I had for these two boys, Mark and Lincoln (they will always be boys to me), was surely reciprocated, and I feel sure that your present choristers have the same deep affection for their choirmaster, Mr. Whittier (a close and personal friend of mine for years), that Lincoln Richardson and Mark Rowe had for me."

Ministers may change from one field to another but if their influence is real, then the continuity of their work is unbroken. It has been exceedingly delightful to me, as I followed in St. John's the Rev. Charles W. Henry, now rector of Christ Church, Andover, Mass., that I have been able to say without any equivocation or mental reservation, my purpose has been not to destroy Mr. Henry's work in Winthrop, but to fulfill it. Could a minister really know this — I have tried to make it clear to my friend, our former rector — then perhaps the pain of parting from old friends would lose some of its poignancy. Whether the pain of parting from old friends grows less with new interests and new years is a question. But there is no possibility that a real minister will forget his real boys. Mr. Henry has not forgotten his real boys, Chandler and Mark and Lincoln. He writes me as follows:

"Mark and Chandler and Lincoln belonged to the famous Neighborhood Club and its successors. Mark Rowe used to help me build a fire on a cold night in the old stove in the former

'back-yard printing office' which was called then the 'Parish Room.' The other two boys knew only the comparative splendor of the new Parish House. Many a night they have played basketball and talked and laughed in the Murrell Gymnasium.

"Perhaps I knew them better than you did, for I knew them longer — when they were little boys. Mark Rowe was one of the choirboys when I went to Winthrop. Our choir-master took a special interest in him. We both wrote letters commending him, when Mark started out in business. It is pleasant to know that he was succeeding so well.

"Of Chandler Colby, I can remember no ungentlemanly action. He was not in the parish when I came to St. John's but came later, and immediately in his own quiet way became one of our boys interested in everything going on.

"Lincoln Richardson was a boy on whom I always depended. I can still hear him say, 'Be quiet, boys, and hear what Mr. Henry is talking about.'

"May their souls rest in peace. And may the good example of these faithful boys bring inspiration and blessing to the parish."

Mark's mother, Mrs. Mary Ann Rowe, has graciously permitted me to publish some of the letters which she received from those closest to Mark while he was in England. The first is from Miss Mabel Huband, a British canteen worker.

"Dear Madam:

"Having known your son, the late Lieut. Marcus Rowe, so well, will you please accept my very deep and sincere sympathy. He was a great friend of mine from the first time he came to Yatesbury Camp. I had the greatest respect and admiration for him, as had every one who knew him. He was a perfect gentleman, and his loss is regretted by all.

"Last week I met his brother, Flight Commander Arthur W. Rowe, who came here and gave me your address, asking me to write you as I knew your son so well and had given him his last meal. He had left this camp a short time only, and had flown over to pay us a visit on the day he met his death, August 19. On August 23 he was laid to rest in the quiet little graveyard

at Yatesbury. When the cross erected to his memory has been placed at his grave I will take a photograph and send to you.

"As long as it is possible to do so, fresh flowers shall be put there. His memory will ever be sacred in the heart of one who prays God to comfort his mother as only He can and will."

The second letter is from Mark's camp instructor, George H. Heaton, Lieutenant, R. A. F.

"Boscombe Down,
Amesbury, Wiltshire, England.

"My dear Mrs. Rowe:

"It is with deep regret that I am writing to you about your dear son. I have been his instructor since he came to this station, and we became great friends in that short time. He was one of my keenest and ablest pupils and was very keen to get over to France to do his bit. But it was not to be so. Dear Mrs. Rowe, he died doing his duty as much as any fellow at the front. The Royal Air Force have lost in him one whom they can ill spare these days.

"I hope that you will accept my deepest sympathy in your great sorrow. And as his instructor, you can guess how I feel about him."

The third is from the camp chaplain:

August 24, 1918.

My dear Mrs. Rowe:

You will have heard ere this hour that your son was killed as the result of a flying accident at Yatesbury. I am writing to give you a few details of his "crash" and to offer you my sincere sympathy in the loss of such a gallant son.

On Monday last, August 19, he had flown over to Yatesbury, when he was seen to get into a spinning-nose dive from which he failed to get out. The machine crashed to the ground; and although help came up almost immediately, your son had passed beyond all human aid. He was killed instantly, so you will have the comfort of knowing he did not suffer at all. He had

been on a course at Yatesbury a short time ago, and was, I believe, going to see some friends there, so it came as a shock to them to know that Lieutenant Rowe had crashed on their aërodrome and been killed. I, the Chaplain, with six other officers, went over to bury him yesterday and the others acted as bearers at the funeral. His last resting-place is in the pretty little cemetery of the village church, not far from the aërodrome, and his grave was covered with several wreaths sent by officers and friends, both at Yatesbury and here.

Words are useless things to express what one feels, but believe me, I sympathize with you deeply in your sorrow; your boy was a good lad, respected and liked by his fellow officers, and it will be some consolation to know that he died in the Great Cause of Freedom for which we are all fighting.

May God be with you and comfort you in your trouble.
I am

Yours very sincerely,

A. GORDON WRIGHT,
C. of E. Chaplain.

The fourth letter is from the keeper of the privy purse of the King and Queen of England. The superficial thought on reading this letter from Windsor Castle is that King George must be working overtime in writing a personal letter relating to each one of his stricken men. The mature thought about this letter is, that however formal it may be, it shows the hearty desire of England that the King, incarnating the whole British Empire, personally care for each of his sons.

WINDSOR CASTLE

"September 18, 1918.

"Dear Madam:

"I am commanded by the King and Queen to express their sincere sympathy with you at the loss you have sustained by the death of your son, Lieut. M. E. Rowe, who, their Majesties regret to hear, has been accidentally killed whilst in the service of his country."

The thoughtless boy or man will raise no questions as to the reason why Mark in such a short time was so signally honored as a British officer. To the thoughtless, things just happen.

Mark's mother understands. She knows. When Mark was only twenty years old, his father died. Without the slightest question Mark became the head of the family. His younger brothers wished to leave school and help share the family expenses, but Mark would brook no interference with the plan he formed. His brothers must remain in the Winthrop public schools and finish their education. "Never mind, mother," he said, as he calmly faced the sinister size of the necessary bills of the family and was unafraid, "we'll make it all good." And he did make it all good. In addition to this, he had even saved a small sum before he became a British officer.

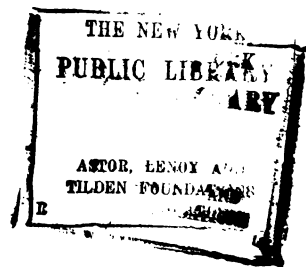
"Everything will turn out all right, mother," were Mark's words, characteristic of his whole life, as he tenderly kissed her good-bye and took the train for Halifax and sailed for England.

Was Mark mistaken?

The answer depends upon you and me. His reassuring words to his mother, whom he so tenderly loved, are false unless we take up the work which he began, unless we express the spirit that he expressed, unless we reverently keep before us the vision of his soul as a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night to lead us onward toward the Promised Land.

Mark listened to his mother and loved her. He gave no mere lip service to his love. He accepted the responsibility for the care and counsel of his home as a man. And so, when England began searching the world for real men, England had no difficulty in deciding that Mark was a man who would be

An officer true to British form.





G. LINCOLN RICHARDSON

THE HEART OF A WINTHROP HOME IN FRANCE

GEORGE LINCOLN RICHARDSON

FIVE miles northeast of Boston, on a small peninsula one and six-tenths square miles in area, is situated a town which is named Winthrop. It is commonly known as a third-class summer resort and a second-class community for the winter.

I think the impression is justified that at present Winthrop is a third-class resort for the summer. But if you will permit one to express an opinion who has tramped almost every square foot of the town, and who has no real estate to sell, I shall venture to say that the time is soon coming when Winthrop will no longer be a third-class summer resort. Its refreshing summer breezes, its facilities for bathing, its accessibility to the Boston markets, its plans for golf and out-of-door games, will some day make it a first-class summer resort for the thousands of shoppers and scholars coming from the South and West for the physical, intellectual and spiritual refreshment of body, mind and soul.

As for the common impression that Winthrop has a second-class winter population, I am of the opinion that this judgment too, is justified. Far too many Winthrop homes are living beyond their means, — too pretentious, too fast, too superficial. We, in the midst of our haste, business and bustle, are too insensible to the silent and unseen tides of the eternal and spiritual that are receding farther and farther away from our souls. But what town around Boston is without sin and dares to cast the first accusing stone at Winthrop? If Winthrop is rated second-class, then some of the more prosperous Boston com-

munities, in the light, not of what they seem, but in the light of what they really are, would be assigned to class three or four.

After over four years of familiar and intimate touch with Winthrop, realizing all of her sins of omission and commission, I can say with a pardonable pride that I am a citizen of no mean city. (Out of a total population of 13,000, over 1,100 men were accepted by our Country in every branch of the service.)

Winthrop's public schools are New England in excellence!

We have recently discovered in Winthrop that as a result of the various war drives we have men and women with that rare capacity to get things efficiently done. Thus we are already over the top in two of the psychological elements of our town consciousness, — the intellectual, or knowing, and the volitional, or doing. But a community is not perfect until there is a three-fold expression of its conscious life. The emotional, or spiritual, must be equally expressed and in perfect harmony with the intellectual and volitional.

As it is with Winthrop, so is it with practically all of New England's cities and towns. The heart of the average New England town is never so evident as the hand or head. The typical New Englander thinks and acts more quickly than he shows any emotion. Not a bad trait! But this trait sometimes produces a certain reticence or reserve, carried to such an extreme that the emotional nature, or the heart, through lack of healthy exercise, becomes atrophied. To avoid atrophy on the one hand and excess of emotion on the other, it is exceedingly helpful for New England to see at close hand some of its representative sons in whose natures the intellectual, volitional and emotional elements are harmoniously blended.

George Lincoln Richardson, a Winthrop boy, was, I think, one of these representative New England men. After fighting thirteen months in France, he was killed north of Verdun, October 24, just before the Armistice was signed. Each element of his nature was in harmony with the whole, but for him, "out of the heart were the issues of life."

Lincoln was born in Chelsea, April 6, 1896. Being a typical New Englander, he had to move somewhere, and so at the age of three he moved six miles to Winthrop. He was educated in the Winthrop public schools. Lincoln was a choirboy in St. John's Episcopal Church, Winthrop. Unlike some choirboys, to-day, he did not think that he was too busy to attend the Church School as well as the choir. At an early age, of his own accord, he expressed a desire to be confirmed. His teacher at first thought that he was too young. But after they carried the question to the rector, and Lincoln answered clearly the necessary questions, the rector, the Rev. Charles W. Henry, now of Christ Church, Andover, Mass., wisely decided that the boy knew what he was doing. And so in February, 1910, he presented Lincoln to Bishop Lawrence for confirmation. Lincoln joined the Winthrop Machine Gun Company February 4, 1915, went with his company to the Mexican border in 1916, and served his country without a whimper or whine during those hot summer months. He was a member of the Cottage Park Yacht Club, and was appreciative of the varied recreations and generous friendships in this popular club of men.

Lincoln's Church-School teacher in St. John's, Miss Lillian S. Wilkins, is one of those rare women who sees no insuperable barrier between the intellectual and the spiritual. She does not know why training a child's mind in the day school should disqualify her from participating in the joy of nurturing a child's soul on Sunday. The week-day and Sunday teaching really supplement each other. Her impressions of Lincoln are keen and sympathetic.

"I probably knew Lincoln Richardson as a boy," she states, "better than any one outside his immediate family. He was only a little fellow, about eight years old, when I first met him. On entering the sixth grade of the Winthrop public schools, he was placed in my class. From that time until he entered the business life we were in very close touch with each other.

"Lincoln was one of the two boys whose work remains uppermost in my mind. Although a choirboy most of this time, Lincoln never said, as so many choirboys to-day say — and they say it so often that they really believe it — that he could not attend Church School because he was in the choir. He was most constant in his attendance in both choir and Church School. And he could be depended on for real assistance in the class.

"During the second year of our class work, he wanted to be confirmed. We talked the matter over with Mr. Henry, who was then our rector. I at first thought that he was too young. But Lincoln showed that he understood the meaning of confirmation, and so Mr. Henry advised confirmation, and Lincoln was confirmed in 1910.

"As a boy, Lincoln was certainly faithful to and interested in his church. I well remember one Lenten season when he attended every midweek service with me.

"I was impressed by Lincoln's love of home. He once told me that he could not understand how parents let their children go where and when they pleased in the darkness and danger of the night. He said that he could not do this. He appreciated the teaching of his family and church, that in the formative and most sensitively influential hours of the evening, home and home again is the sanctuary that a boy should honor and love."

Among those well known in Winthrop who were in Lincoln's confirmation class of 1910, appear the following names: Sadie Lee Baker, Grace Fairchild Hutchinson, Alice Louise Knight, Mary Ide Phinney, Janette Elizabeth Klagge, May Winthrop Klagge, Howard Bacon, Willard Parker Richardson, Charles Elmer Gunderson, Harry Knight, Elmer Arthur Somerville, Max Hans Christian Gersumky, Arthur William Rowe, and Alexander Douglas.

One of Lincoln's closest friends, J. Charles Stedfast, R. M. A., U. S. Army, and a fellow-communicant of St. John's Church, gives us an intimate insight into the character of Lincoln's capacity for friendship, as follows:

"Link and I were chums for about three years, until I was unable to pass the physical examination in the Winthrop Machine Gun Company and he went to France. He was the best chum I ever had. He was always willing to sacrifice anything he had to give others a good time. I well remember a simple instance when we were together in the Maine woods. The guide left us in camp and went out to get some partridges. He came back with four. As there were only three of us to eat the four partridges, we tossed up for the odd one, and Lincoln won it. In camp a partridge is only several mouthfuls, and yet Lincoln insisted on sharing that odd partridge with me. This was the way Lincoln did everything: he was always giving up or sacrificing for somebody else.

"Link was a fellow who always looked at things deeper than most of us. His great subject was his mother and father, brothers and sisters. Often when we would be out talking together, his conversation would shift, and he would look to see if he could see his folks going by in the car, so that he would not slip up on his usual salutation of 'Hello, Ma!'

"It is hard for me to realize that my old chum will not be back with us again. I can hardly realize that he went through such a year of terrific fighting. It does not make it any easier for me when I think that had he been spared only a few more days, he would soon be coming home to us."

Lincoln did not wish to graduate from the high school, but like most boys wanted to go to work. In this I think he was wrong, for, had he lived, his high-school training would have been of value in his business career. And yet one cannot be too dogmatic as to how much book education is necessary for business; for too many of our most successful business men have not even had a grammar-school education. Just as the most saintly lives are not necessarily reared in the Church or Church School, so our most successful men of business are not the necessary products of our schools and colleges.

Had Lincoln lived, he would certainly have made good in the business world. His former business employer, Mr. William H. Burgess, Sears Building, Boston, has written the following appreciative words relative to Lincoln:

"Lincoln Richardson was with us about a year, during which time we all discovered how absolutely faithful he was to his duties.

"In his letters written to me from France, it was his constant desire to keep from his mother any idea that he was at the front line and in danger. His thoughtful regard for her in this and other ways was foremost at all times. His own immediate self was purely secondary. A young man that had this trait surely had all the other splendid traits of a beautiful character.

"This was Lincoln as I knew him."

On his twenty-first birthday, as soon as our country entered the world war, Lincoln went with his company into intensive training. His company, which was the Fifth Massachusetts, was soon merged with the Fighting Ninth into the 101st U. S. Infantry of the 26th Division. This 26th New England Division, the very flower of New England manhood, secretly but proudly sailed for France September 7, 1917. All too quickly the entire division was carried closer and closer to the front-line trenches; for France was bleeding white, England's rock of confidence was reeling to and fro, Russia was in hopeless anarchy, and Italy was suffering her most disastrous defeat. For two bitter months of winter the men of the Winthrop Machine Gun Company were in the front-line trenches without relief or rest, guarding the sacred soil of France from the overwhelming assaults of the foe with the unflinching iron of their body and blood. In all too quick succession the battles of Seicheprey, Château-Thierry, St. Mihiel, and the Argonne Forest showed that the ancient American spirit of heroism and indomitable courage richly flowed through the blood of these New England men. Lincoln was killed north of Verdun the latter part of October, just before the Armistice was signed, and as the New England Division was victoriously pressing the proud descendants of von Blucher and von Moltke back toward the Rhine. In all of his letters that I have had the privilege of reading, I have found no complaint of his hardship or suffering. Their one dominant note is home, home, home. But there is no sugges-

tion of weakness or sentimentality. In one of his letters where he longs for home, he tells how one of his fellows was wounded and how his own blood was hot, surging through his veins, crying for vengeance and desiring to kill. But in the next paragraph his thoughts turn homeward, toward his Winthrop home that he loved so well.

Lincoln was pure and clean and had that indescribable charm that caused him to be a likable fellow, both at home and abroad. Let me give you extracts from the letters of three Winthrop boys who were with Lincoln in the Machine Gun Company of the 101st Regiment, when he was killed.

Corporal Fabyan, in a letter to his mother written from a hospital, dated November 3, stated that Lincoln was killed four days before he himself was wounded, which would make the date of Lincoln's death October 24. He wrote in part as follows:

"A week ago we made an attack somewhere north of Verdun, and suffered heavily. I am sorry to state that Lincoln Richardson, one of my close friends, made the supreme sacrifice just before he went over the top. He was asleep at the time, so did not suffer any. It was a miracle that anyone came out of it alive. Men dropped on all sides of me. We were without sleep or food for several days, lying in shell holes. All we could get to drink was muddy, gassed, shell-hole water, which was wonderful to us at that time."

Corp. Charles Edwards, of Winthrop, wrote to his mother as follows. (It is significant to note that this letter, too, is written from the hospital.)

"Did I tell you in one of my letters that Link Richardson was killed about four days before I was hurt? I don't believe that kid ever did a bad thing in his life."

Another Winthrop boy, Corp. Carl Harding, who has since, for his bravery in action, been promoted to a lieutenancy, wrote to a Winthrop friend as follows:

"We have been through a terrible ordeal the past five days, and many of the boys have gone across the great divide. That

I am alive and unharmed seems strange as I look back over these days. We have lost our good friend Lincoln. He was killed while asleep waiting for our orders to advance and attack. Lincoln was the cleanest man in the company. No one ever heard him do or say a wrong thing."

The best letters revealing the heart of a Winthrop home in France are those which Lincoln himself wrote. Through the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. C. Russell Gardner, of Winthrop, I have had access to the many beautiful letters which they received from Lincoln. Note how home, home, home is always in the background.

"Somewhere in France,
"December 6, 1917.

"I want to tell you about the Army Thanksgiving Day. Well, the first thing, they let us sleep till about a quarter of eight. Then we had breakfast. And after that we went to a football game, in which two of our fellows from Winthrop played. It was a good game, and a pretty good day for it.

"Had dinner at three. It sure was good. We had turkey, sweet potatoes, squash, celery, cranberry sauce, and coffee. So you see we had a good dinner.

"But during the afternoon it got cold and cloudy. And as I wandered around, my thoughts went back to Winthrop, wondering what you folks were doing."

Saturday Night,
December 29, 1917.

It is almost nineteen hundred and eighteen. It doesn't seem possible that this year is all over. Well, I want to tell you that I hope the War will be over before next winter, as I don't want to have to spend another winter in this country. I do not think I will.

Well Russell, this is about all there is I can write, so will close. Would love to hear from you and Mrs. again."

Your pool partner,

LINCOLN.

" February 3, 1918.

" I had to smile when I read about you being down at Mrs. Magee's house and having her speak so highly of me. I am glad that I have so many friends that are always willing to do things for me. Since being Over Here I know what it means to have friends.

" I didn't forget that yesterday was my sister's birthday. I wished that I had been Over There to take her somewhere.

" With what time I have put in the Army, I can say there is nothing that can touch the homemade cooking of my mother's."

" April 19, 1918.

" It was funny about that friend of yours sending Harold Verner those trigger mittens with the first finger and thumb left free. He told her that they were handy while smoking! I sure will appreciate a homemade feed at your house when I get back."

" May 9, 1918.

" I only hope that I will live through it all and get back to my dear family to tell you all that I have been through.

" I have appreciated your kindness in writing me such nice letters and sending such generous packages. I surely hope that some day I can do you and Russell some favor in one way or another. Of course I know you think I am doing you and other people back home a favor by being over here, going through more or less hardships, but on the other hand it is nothing more than any other American boy would do when our country is in trouble."

" May 1, 1918.

" I can hardly believe that it is the first of May. It won't be long before Winthrop folks are putting their boats in the water for the summer. I noticed to-day that the apple trees are blooming and the song birds merrily singing away. They make me think of home. Well, my big brother will have the job of painting the screens and putting up the hammock this year. This was always my job.

"We were all very sorry to hear that they had stopped allowing any one to send packages over here to us boys. It is too bad. If it were not for the socks that Mrs. Gardner and my folks have sent me, why I should be going without any. So you see, packages like that are going to be missed."

"July 16, 1918.

"The Germans pulled off an attack early this morning, and from what I hear it was a failure. After it was over we were called to stand to for a counter attack but we didn't have to go. I was rather disappointed. After seeing one of our boys badly wounded, I feel as though I would like to go over and kill them all.

"My opinion of this war is that it will soon be over, and I shall soon be home."

"September 25, 1918.

"It won't take but a few more months before we end this war for good, and maybe I won't be glad!

"I have been over here a year now. I am entitled to wear two service stripes.

"This is the time of the year I should like to be home, enjoying the nice cool evenings and the moonlight. This is a good time for auto drives. I think of all the good times I used to have while at home, as I lie either on the ground or in a bunk before I go to sleep."

The perfect revelation of Lincoln's heart is in the letters to his mother. I secured the mother's permission to draw aside for a moment the sacred veil over the heart of home for this one reason: I think that as we see — what as a rule, through New England's reticence and reserve, we cannot see — the real heart of a typical New England boy fighting in France, we shall more truly appreciate the lofty idealism and love of home pervading our American army. At least our most pessimistic enemies can never truly picture our home-loving, American boys as mercenaries!

Somewhere in France, November 24, 1917.

My dear Mother:

Well, I am writing you again, and do hope you will get this letter.

To-day they passed out insurance blanks for us to make out, if we wanted to. The insurance is for ten thousand dollars, and for it we pay six and one-half dollars out of our month's pay. I decided to take this insurance. As the blank had room for three beneficiaries, I made out most of my insurance to you. You thus see that about all the money I get in the army is going into investment. So some day I will be a rich man!

In my last letter home I wrote about taking some more of my army money in buying two Liberty Bonds — one fifty-dollar bond in your name and one fifty-dollar bond in Marion's name. I want you to know I am thinking of you all and trying to help.

I am over here to protect the Richardson family in this great war, and it is better to have us fighting here than to have it over in the dear old United States. I have no fear for what may be coming to me. I will face whatever may happen and stick to the last with the Winthrop boys that are left. So don't you worry about me one bit while I am here. I will look out for myself, and with the aid of God our Father, and with my prayers that I have learned, I will return safely to you and the family. If I know that you are going to worry, it is going to make it twice as hard for me, so mark my word — "*Don't worry!*"

All I am going to ask you to do for me is to write me as often as you can. In fact everybody in the family must write! You folks can always find time to write just a line. I will write you as often as I can. Am inclosing a picture of me that I had taken here. Hope it will pass the censor so that you will get it O.K. I should like to have some pictures of Mary, Charles, Bud, you, papa, Marion, and Willard — little snapshots, just to look at you once in a while!

I am going to write the prayer that I say each night:

"O God, our Heavenly Father,
I thank Thee for Thy love and care for me to-day.
Forgive my sins: Bless all for whom I pray,
And when I lay me down to sleep
Watch over me through this night.
Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

Will close now. Lots of love to you all.

LINCOLN.

Mother's Day,
May 1, 1918.

Dearest Mother:

This is Mother's Day, so I am going to write you a letter. Last night while I was on guard, I thought of you. No doubt you are thinking of me to-day.

Sorry that I couldn't have brought you some flowers, and also that I am not at home to wear a white pink. I am wearing a suit of olive drab instead to take its place.

. . . I started this letter this morning, but after being up all night I was so tired I couldn't keep my eyes open to write. Have just got up and had my supper, so feel wide awake now and shall finish writing.

All the boys are writing to their mothers to-day. I don't have to wait until Mother's Day to think of you. I think of you all the time.

I got a nice box from Mr. and Mrs. Russell Gardner. It contained a pair of socks, candy, cigarettes, a couple of tins of malted milk tablets, and best of all, a post-card photo of their home with Mrs. Gardner standing on the veranda. It sure looked good to see a real home that isn't all in ruins.

We got paid the other day, after waiting four months for it.

I don't know whether I wrote you about our having a week's rest. It was a nice place, and good barracks to sleep in! But now we are in the trenches again. That was the first rest we have had since February 5. Three months' continuous life in the trenches shows that we have had at least our share of the work. Some day, no doubt, we shall get a reward, and that will be that we are going home. Won't it be a great day when I can put my arms around your neck and hug and kiss you a thousand times, and the little babies!

I was dreaming about ——— the other night. I was at home and she came down. I had a nice new suit. Everything was fine. But it was all too bad, for I woke up before the party started. The dreams of home are great!

Your loving son,

LINCOLN.

Lincoln's dreams of home at last came true. No more trenches, filthy and frozen, no more sleepless nights, no more

bursting shrapnel, no more suffering and indescribable hardship. Lincoln is now at home, safely and securely resting in his Father's Home of infinite, compassionate love. With what shouts of holy joy must all the saints and angelic hosts of heaven have greeted his home coming! And with what inexpressible happiness must Lincoln's heart have been filled to the overflowing as the Father's hand grasped his own, as the Father's sweet smile lighted his smoke-stained face, as the Father's reassuring words quietly welcomed him, "Well done, my boy, well done!"

.

And yet with all of this present inexpressible happiness in his heavenly home, I wonder if Lincoln does not sometimes yearn for his Winthrop home — for his Winthrop home that he loved so well?

THE AMERICAN TREASURE IN THE HEAVENS

WHY give details about Chandler and Mark and Lincoln? Why print letters? Why try to paint indelible pictures on our memories? Can mere words bring back the dead to life? And why should Chandler and Mark and Lincoln take our time, these young men who have barely entered life's working vineyard, while most of us have been monotonously toiling from early dawn through the burden and heat of the day?

Simply because human life and human values — from the point of view of Him with whom a thousand years are the same as one day — are not measured by the standard which we call days and years. This standard is man-made. Some men live a richer and fuller life in one day, and sometimes in a few moments, than others might live in a thousand years.

The Cyrenian Simon carrying the unsought burden in the form of the heavy cross of the Christ; Mary Magdalene anointing the feet of her Saviour and wiping them with the hair of her head; the poor widow casting all her wealth in the form of two insignificant mites into the treasury of the Temple of Jerusalem, — these acts are immortal. They are immortal, not by any standard as to the length of time, but according to the eternal standard of doing exactly what God Himself would have done, had He been incarnate in the flesh. Would our Father object if we were to suggest that He was incarnate in those persons who did such immortal deeds?

But Chandler and Mark and Lincoln did nothing so immortal. They wrote no books, published no poems, painted no masterpieces. They were mere men, typical of the thousands of American young men who fell on the fields of France, Belgium,

Alsace, and fair Lorraine. This fact, that they are typically American, makes them immortal. It is only as we intimately see such representative American men that we can properly appreciate the immortal spirit of America in helping to deliver Europe from bondage and in helping to form in the world a league of nations to enforce a righteous peace. I think that Chandler and Mark and Lincoln literally incarnated America. They were not quarrelsome or domineering. They had no pet theories how America should manage the affairs of other peoples and nations better than the nations themselves concerned. They lacked all those outwardly aggressive elements of the man who provokes a quarrel or carries a chip on his shoulder. They were typically American young men,—lovers of home and town and country; interested in their friends, their business prospects, their daily duties. There was nothing fanatic about their desire to fight. They were peace-loving men. But when the call to the colors came, they gladly responded—long before the official summons reached them. They obeyed Christ's command, "Sell that ye have, and give alms; provide yourselves purses which wax not old, a treasure in the heavens that faileth not, where no thief approacheth, neither moth corrupteth. For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

The imperishable treasure of Chandler and Mark and Lincoln consists in the unpretentious and unselfish giving of their lives that the world might be safe and free for all their friends and fellows who love safety and freedom.

This is the American treasure in the heavens. This is also the Belgian, French, Serbian and English treasure. But Bulgaria, Turkey, Austria and Germany can never claim this immortal purse.

In the midst of our delirious joy over glorious victories and Golden Peace, we are sorrowful as we think of the nations which have not given anything for this immortal purse, but which have sought for their own selfish interests. Poor Bulgaria! Poor Turkey! Poor Austria! And finally, poor Germany! The

greatest tragedy is not so much in the loss of your property or trade, or the destruction of your priceless treasures laid up in the past. The verdict of history is already written that you, Germany, tried to get for yourself a place in the sun by selfishly shoving some one else from the sunlight. You tried to gain a road to the East, though your Juggernaut car mercilessly rolled over the millions slain. You bid for world-dominion, but instead of offering us freely your philosophic wisdom and scientific knowledge, your effective laws for clean cities and counsel for better corporate welfare, your happy home-loving customs and heavenly music, why, you have wrecked a continent and filled the seas with blood! You have paid a fearful price, but you have not succeeded in securing what you sought to purchase. You have failed. The immortal purse cannot be seized. It cannot be filched. It can be *made* only by spending and being spent, by consecrating one's life, one's all, to the high and holy purposes of Almighty God.

Rich, therefore, is Belgium! Devastated though her fields may be and wasted all her material resources, yet her defiant flag of freedom is still gloriously flying, and her ideals are still pure. Rich, too, is France! France, the synonym of sacrifice. Rich, too, is Italy, and rich is Serbia. And England? Rich is England, though her shores have been made red from the wreckage of the submarines' stains. England? Rich is England, though a million of her sons lie buried beneath the heartless sands of Mesopotamia and France—in every land, wherever there was a chance to fight the foe! England? Rich is England in her unsullied ideals of human law, human rights, and human freedom!

And America? Has America gained the immortal purse, the treasure in the heavens that faileth not? Did we not too often hear from other nations and from our own people the familiar words, slurring at our country, that the trouble with America was that her thought was too much on her purse? Will any one to-day thus dare to malign our nation? Will any one

to-day dare to say that America has not made the immortal purse? America? Rich America!

Rich in that four million of her sons were quietly mobilized to fight the foe. America? Rich America! Rich in that the wealthy men and women freely placed their treasures in their country's hands. America? Rich America! Rich in that the laboring men and women dedicated and consecrated their muscle, brawn, and brain — their bodies, minds, and souls — to their country's need.

America? Rich America! Rich, in that such representative American men as Chandler and Mark and Lincoln made the costly sacrifice upon the Altar of Freedom, and leave us an insistent challenge to keep sacred this Altar in the sanctuary of the world's heart; for apart from us they are not made perfect.



St. John's Episcopal Church
Winthrop, Massachusetts

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ANTHONY, RICHARD E.	DREW, FRED
BACON, HOWARD	EDWARDS, CHARLES
BACON, RUSSELL	ELDRIDGE, BARTLETT W.
BACON, WILLARD M., JR.	FERDINAND, RALPH EDMUND
BARBER, FRANK E.	FLORES, CARL C.
BEAN, JAMES W.	FRASER, JOSEPH
BELL, FRED R.	GARBUT, ALFRED
BEMIS, CHARLES W.	GERSUMKY, ERIC
BENSON, JOHN F.	GERSUMKY, MAX
BERRY, EMMONS K.	GERSUMKY, WILLIAM J.
BERRY, THOMAS O.	GORDON, ALVIN W.
BOND, WILLIAM	GRIFFITHS, COLEY E.
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CLARK, HAROLD P.	HAGMAN, ARTHUR W.
COLBY, CHANDLER H.	HAGMAN, CHARLES A.
COLSON, MELVIN E.	HAGMAN, GEORGE E.
CONE, ERWIN M.	HAIG, ALEXANDER
CONE, MURRAY	HALBECK, HARRY H.
CORKHUM, GORDON R.	HARDING, CARL
CORKHUM, LINDSAY	HARRIS, WARRICK V.
CORKHUM, PERCY H.	HARTLING, ETHEL G.

(Continued on following page)

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(Continued from preceding page)

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KLAGGE, DAVID	ROWE, AUSTIN E.
LAKE, JAMES E.	ROWE, EDWARD
LOWE, GEORGE M.	ROWE, MARCUS E.
MAGEE, ALBERT	RUGGLES, HENRY ST. CLAIR
McMILAN, WALTER L.	SANBY, WILLIAM P.
McMILAN, WILLIAM J.	SILBERBERG, ALFRED
MASON, ALLEN	SILBERBERG, WILLIAM S.
MIDGLEY, NORMAN H.	SOMERBY, PHILIP B.
MILLEN, ROBERT R.	STEDFAST, J. CHARLES
MILLINGTON, ANDREW	STOKES, ELLIOTT
MISKELLY, RAYMOND	STONESTREET, FRANK S.
MOLLERSTROM, ARTHUR V. W.	STONESTREET, LOYD A.
MURRAY, WILLIAM E.	TEWKSBURY, EDWARD R.
NELSON, LYMAN B.	TEWKSBURY, RICHARD S.
NILSON, CARL E.	TUCKER, ARNOLD R. S.
OWENS, BLANCHE	TUCKER, LESLIE A.
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PARTINGTON, ARTHUR	VERNER, HAROLD R.
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PERKINS, RALPH	WEBSTER, LUTHER
PERO, EDWARD G.	WELLINGTON, RALPH
PETERSON, WALTER	WELLS, FRANKLIN H.
PIERCE, EDWIN M.	WELLS, ROBERT K.
PIERCE, GEORGE ADELBERT	WIDER, EDWARD H.
PIERCE, LEWIS B.	WILLIAMS, JOHN
RAE, OSBORNE T.	WILLIAMS, SAMUEL H.
RICHARDSON, G. LINCOLN	WOLFENDEN, JOHN P.



"ALMIGHTY AND EVERLASTING GOD, who knowest the necessities of all thy children; Have in thy holy keeping all those who have given their lives in the service of our country, that the good work which thou hast begun in them may be perfected unto the day of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

"HAVE compassion, O most merciful Lord, on all who are mourning for those dear to them. Be thou their Comforter and Friend, and bring them to a fuller knowledge of thy love. Assuage the anguish of their bereavement, and leave only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and a solemn pride to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom. For the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."¹

¹Written by the Rev. John W. Suter, Jr., rector of Christ Church, Hyde Park, Mass.

